



March

TARGET

10¢

COMICS

T
A
R
G
E
T



THE TARGET
LUCKY BYRD

SPACE HAWK

KAREN DRAKE

WHITE STREAK

CHAMELEON

BULL'S EYE BILL

THE SKIPPER

Your
Favorite
Characters

MOBILIZED

To Defend
America!

VOL. 2 NO. 1



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Attention!

TARGET COMICS

Characters!



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AMERICA HAS ALWAYS BEEN
READY TO DEFEND ITS IDEALS!

1776

1812

1861

1917

**LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS....**

THESE ARE RIGHTS, BOYS AND GIRLS,
THAT HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN TO
US BY THOSE WHO FOUNDED THIS
COUNTRY. TODAY, THESE RIGHTS ARE
THREATENED BY FORCES AT WORK IN OTHER PARTS
OF THE WORLD. IN ORDER TO INSURE THEIR
CONTINUATION WE MUST MAKE OURSELVES STRONG.
AND, THE BEST WAY TO DO THIS IS TO SUPPORT OUR
GOVERNMENT IN ITS GREAT PROGRAM OF **NATIONAL
DEFENSE!**

Thompson

**TARGET....YOUR
JOB WILL BE TO UNEARTH
FOREIGN AGENTS PLOTTING
AGAINST THE U.S.
GOVERNMENT!**

UNCLE SAM

Assigns **EACH ONE TO HIS POST!**

**I'LL
START
NOW!**

WHITE STREAK....
YOU WILL HUNT
SABOTEURS IN
AMERICAN
INDUSTRY....

**CALLING LUCKY
BYRD.....**
CONTINUE YOUR
WORK IN G2
INTELLIGENCE
SERVICE

IT WILL BE YOUR DUTY,
SPACEHAWK, TO PATROL
THE STRATOSPHERE AND
PREVENT INVASION FROM
OTHER PLANETS!

**AYE,
AYE, SIR!**

AND, 2R....
YOU WILL TURN
OVER ANY NEW
DEFENSE INVENTIONS
TO THE ARMY
AND NAVY!

**KAREN DRAKE... ALL
"FANTASTIC FEATURE"
ACTORS ARE REQUESTED
TO USE THEIR TALENTS
FOR ENTERTAINMENT
AND PROPAGANDA
PURPOSES!**

**WE
ARE
READY!**

**BULL'S EYE BILL,
YOU ARE ASSIGNED
TO THE U.S.
CAVALRY REMOUNT
SERVICE!**

CHAMELEON....
YOU WILL ASSIST THE
U.S. SECRET SERVICE!



NOW - WATCH THESE TARGET CHARACTERS GO INTO ACTION!

THE

TARGET

AND

The

TARGETEERS

WE'RE GLAD UNCLE SAM HAS ASKED US TO GIVE A HAND! WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFTER CRIMINALS — AND ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STEAL AWAY OUR LIBERTIES IS THE WORST KIND OF THIEF! DAVE, TOMMY, AND MYSELF ARE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, UNCLE — TO ROUT THE RATS WHO BORE FROM WITHIN!

BY

BOB
WOOD

DAVE

NILES

TOMMY

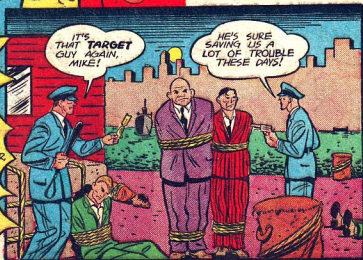
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
CALLED UPON BY UNCLE SAM TO HELP RID THIS COUNTRY OF ALL FOREIGN AGENTS WHO ARE ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY OUR LIBERTIES, NILES REED, THE **TARGET**, AND DAVE FOSTER, THE **TARGETEERS**, HAVE PLEDGED THEIR FULLEST COOPERATION
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE **TARGET**'S CALLING CARD, A YELLOW DART, IS AGAIN DISCOVERED BY THE POLICE, AS THEY FIND THE MAD CRIME LEADER, **HAMMERFIST**, AND SOME OF HIS BAND TIED UP AND WAITING FOR THEM AT A WATERFRONT PIER ON THE EAST RIVER—

IN SPITE OF THIS, HOWEVER, THE PLANS FOR A NEW SUPER-AUTOMATIC RIFLE WHICH THE TRIO WAS SEEKING TO RESCUE FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WERE MADE AWAY WITH, CAUSING THE RUMORS BY THAT MASTER OF CRIME THE **AKHONTYANTE**.

IT'S THAT **TARGET** GUY AGAIN, MIKE!

HE'S SURE SAVING US A LOT OF TROUBLE THESE DAYS!



SOME UNKNOWN PERSON, IS APPARENTLY AWARE OF THE **TARGET'S** IDENTITY AND WAS A BIG HELP TO HIM, AND THE **TARGETERS** IN TRACKING DOWN **HAMMERFIST** AND HIS GANG—

BESIDES MYSTERIOUSLY GIVING THE **TARGET** INFORMATION, THIS PERSON WENT SO FAR AS TO MASQUERADE AS THE **TARGET**, TAKING PART IN THE BRAWL WITH **HAMMERFIST** AND HIS MEN AT THE PIER, BEFORE THE APPEARANCE OF THE REAL **TARGET**!

45 HAMMERFIST AND HIS MEN ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY, THE TARGET AND TARGETERS HEAD FOR HOME—

WHOEVER IT WAS THAT WAS WEARING THAT UNIFORM LIKE YOURS CERTAINLY HAD ME FOOLED!

THE WHOLE THING, PUZZLES ME, OH! I WISH HE HADN'T ESCAPED IN THAT SPEEDBOAT!!! NEVERTHELESS, I HAVE A FEELING WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF HIM!

BUT NOW WE'RE RIGHT BACK! WHERE WE STARTED— IF ONLY THE MIDGET HADN'T GOTTEN AWAY WITH THOSE PLANS!!! — SHOULD THEY GET INTO THE HANDS OF THAT ALIEN POWER, IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD FOR UNCLE SAM'S ARMY!

NEXT DAY—A MIDTOWN HOTEL—

THE SMART THING FOR US TO DO IS HAVE HIM PICK UP THE PLANS HERE— HOW DO WE KNOW WE'RE NOT WALKING INTO A TRAP?

NO! WE'RE GOING TO DO THINGS MY WAY!

OKAY— BUT DON'T BLAME ME IF THINGS DON'T PAN OUT RIGHT!

YES, TEN O'CLOCK— AND WE DON'T WANT ANY SLIPUPS!

SMALL IN SIZE, BUT POSSESSING ONE OF THE SHREWDEST CRIMINAL MINDS EVER KNOWN, THE MIGHTY MITE OFFERS A SUGGESTION FOR THE DISPOSAL OF THE PLANS—

WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS PERSON WHO HAS POWER OVER THE MIGHTY MITE?

AT THAT VERY MOMENT A SHADOWY APPROACHES THE ROOM—

205

THE **TARGET**!

GET HIM!

LET'S SEE YOU TRY!

THE MIGHTY MITE SEIZES A RADIO—



AS THE BATTLE CONTINUES, THE MIGHTY MITE STARTS OFF WITH THE BRIEFCASE -

GOING SOMEWHERE?



IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO HIT ANYONE YOUR SIZE, BUT I MUST HAVE THAT BRIEFCASE!



TRY THIS INSTEAD!



BUT BEFORE TOMMY CAN RELIEVE THE MIGHTY MITE OF THE BRIEFCASE...

THE DRUG SOON RENDERS TOMMY UNCONSCIOUS -

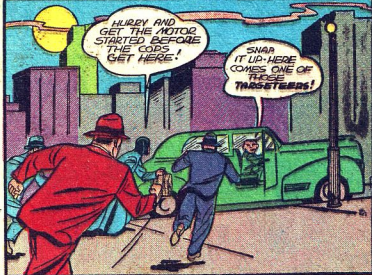
THAT DID IT - SIMON MITE - I'LL CARRY THE BRIEFCASE FROM NOW ON!



OKAY - LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

WITH ONLY DAVE REMAINING CONSCIOUS, THE THUGS QUICKLY MAKE FOR THE CAR -

HURRY AND GET THE MOTOR STARTED BEFORE THE COPS GET HERE!

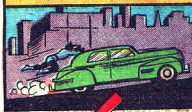


SNAP IT UP - HERE COMES ONE OF THOSE TARGETEERS!

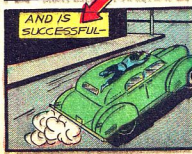
LEAVING HIS TWO UNCONSCIOUS COMRADES, DAVE SPRINTS AFTER THE SEDAN -



THE TARGETEER PUTS HIS ALL INTO A DARING LEAP -



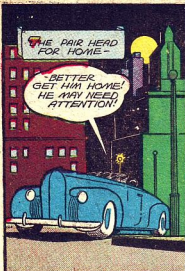
AND IS SUCCESSFUL -



SHORTLY AFTER -

POOR BOY - LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN DRUGGED!

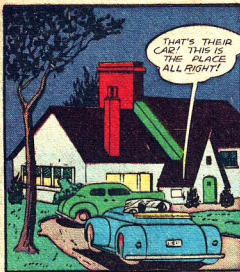


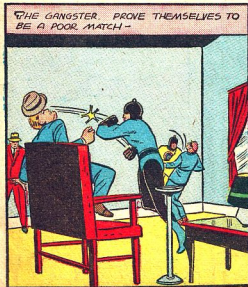
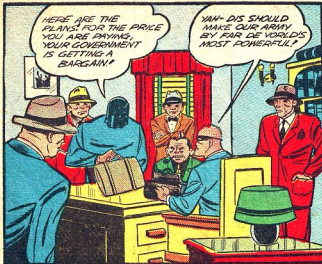


BETTER GET HIM HOME! HE MAY NEED ATTENTION!











MEANWHILE, FISTS FLY FURIOUSLY AS DAVE AND THE TARGET FINISH OFF THE THUGS...



AS THE TARGET IS ABOUT TO LET GO WITH A HAY-MAKER - THE THUG HEAVES THE PHONE TOWARD HIS HEAD...



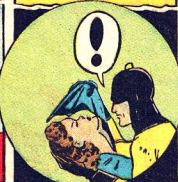
ON THE NICK OF TIME, TOMMY SEES THE ACT., LEAPING FORWARD HE CATCHES THE PHONE IN MID-AIR...



A POWERFUL FIST SENDS THE
HOODED FIGURE SPRAWLING—



THE TARGET RIPS OFF
A HOOD—TO REVEAL—



THE GIRL IS SOON REVIVED—



UNCLE SAM IS MY BOSS!
I'M A FEDERAL AGENT—AND
MIXED UP IN THIS AFFAIR
MERELY TO GET ALL
POSSIBLE INFORMATION
ON THESE SABOTEURS!



NEEDLESS TO SAY—THE
PRESS AND RADIO HAVE
MADE ME FAMILIAR WITH THE
ACTIVITIES OF YOU AND THE
TARGETEERS---AND I MUST
SAY I'M ENTHUSIASTIC OVER
THE WORK YOU'VE
BEEN DOING!



—BUT WAIT!!!—HOW
DO I KNOW THAT YOU'RE
NOT INVOLVED IN THIS
WITH SOME GAINFUL
MOTIVE?



WOMEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
A MYSTERY TO ME—AND YOU'RE
NO EXCEPTION--- HOWEVER—I'M
INCLINED TO THINK YOU A
PRETTY SPEECH MAKER
RATHER THAN A FEDERAL
WOMAN!



PARDON ME A MINUTE,
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK---
THINK I'LL HANG ONTO
THIS---JUST IN
CASE--



WELL—LITTLE
MAN—WHAT
NOW?

HA-HA!!
WHILE YOU
BOYS DECIDE
ON WHAT TO
DO WITH HIM,
I'VE GOT TO
FINISH A
CHAT WITH
SOMEONE!!



GONE!!! WELL I'LL
BE--- ANYWAY, I HAVE THE
PLANS HERE IN THE BRIEF-
CASE—SAY! I BETTER
HAVE A LOOK—



WHO IS PAT?

WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE PLANS?

THE **TARGET** WILL ANSWER
THOSE QUESTIONS FOR YOU
AS HE UNRAVELS
THE MOST AMAZING PLOT
OF HIS CAREER
IN NEXT MONTH'S

TARGET COMICS.

CALLING 2-R

RANGE RIDERS of
TODAYS FRONTIER

WHAT
IS IT?

I'M NOT SURE,
BUT I'LL BET IT
HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
NATIONAL
DEFENSE!

THE CAPTAIN IS
RIGHT. JERRY JENKINS,
THE NEW RECRUIT,
WILL SOON SEE
ACTION IN BOYSTATE.
THE SKIPPER'S SCIENTIFIC
REFUGE FOR
HOMELESS BOYS...

CALLING 2-R!
...ALL RANGERS
ASSEMBLE IN THE
MAIN HALL!
EMERGENCY!

by
ALONZO
VINCENT.

SKIPPER, THIS IS
A NEW BOY,
JERRY
JENKINS!

HELLO,
SKIPPER!

HELLO,
JERRY!

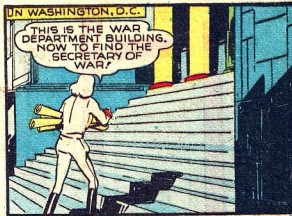
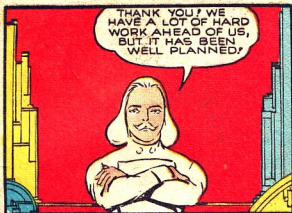
WE HAVEN'T
TIME FOR THE
REGULAR INITIATION,
CAPTAIN. I SHALL
HAVE TO ENTRUST
HIM TO YOU!

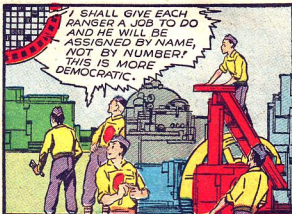
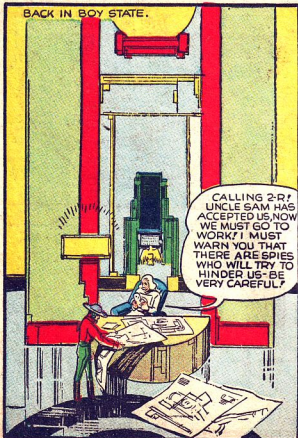
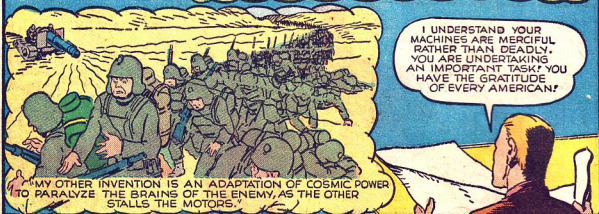
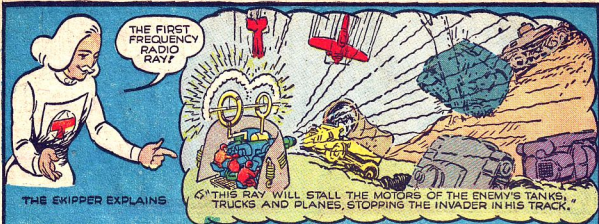
THANK
YOU,
SIR!

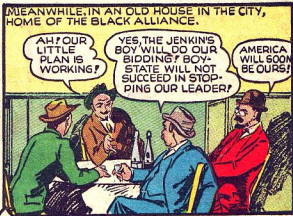
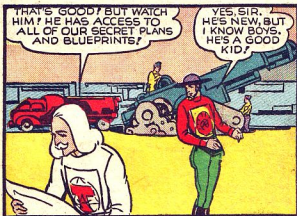
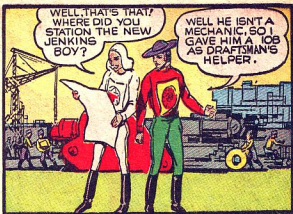
THEN
I CAN
STAY?

IN THE GREAT HALL IN BOYSTATE.

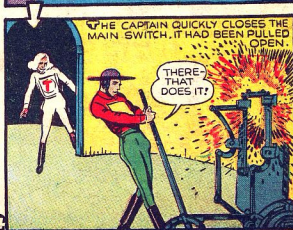
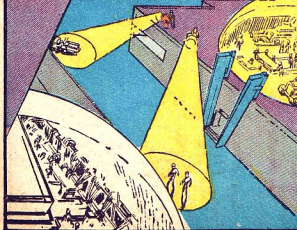
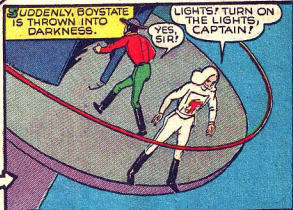
WE ARE IN A NATIONAL
EMERGENCY! NOW THAT
GENERAL "Z" HAS BEEN
ELIMINATED- OUR MAIN
CONCERN IS WITH OUR
UNCLE SAM! WE ARE
BOTH TOO YOUNG AND
TOO OLD FOR CONSCRIPTION,
BUT WE ARE AMERICANS.
WE MUST DO
OUR PART!

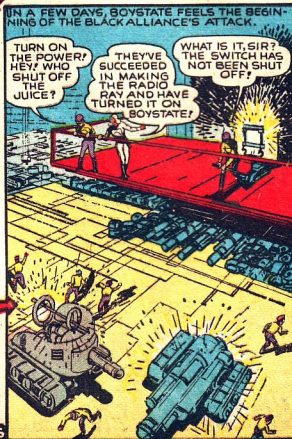
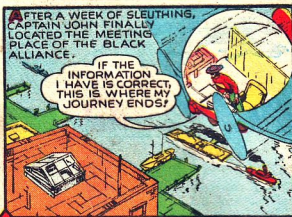
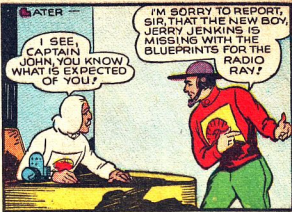
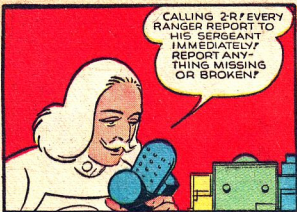


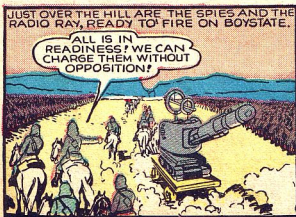
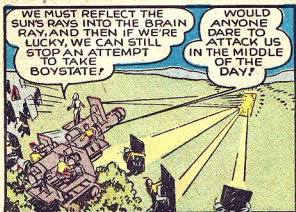
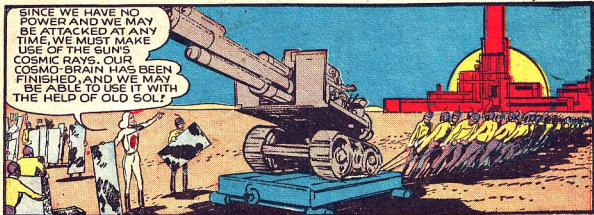
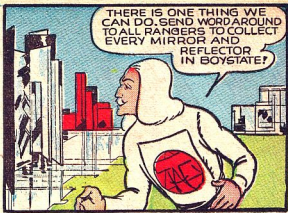
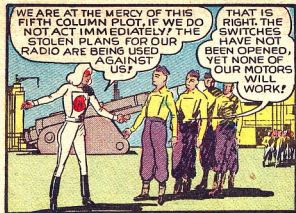


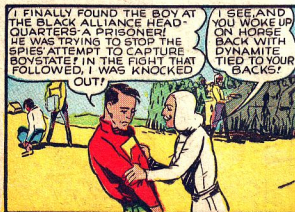
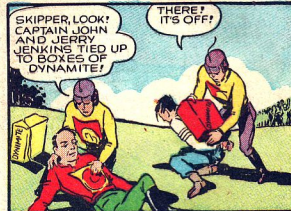
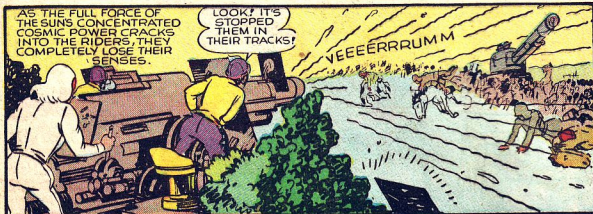
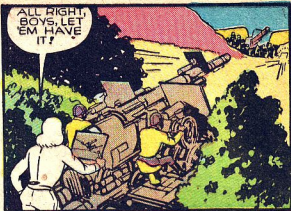
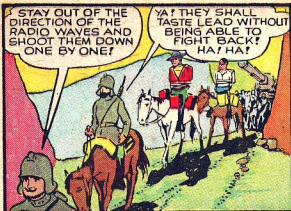


UNWARE OF THE IMPENDING MENACE, THE WORK AT BOYSTATE CONTINUES.









THE

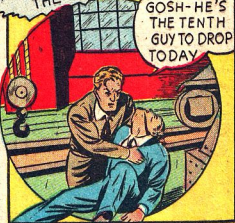
WHITE STREAK

by CARL BURGOS



MYSTERIOUS AILMENTS HAVE STRUCK ALMOST HALF THE WORKERS IN A LARGE COMPANY MANUFACTURING TANKS FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, SERIOUSLY DELAYING PRODUCTION. INVESTIGATORS FROM BOTH THE F.B.I. AND G-2, ARMY INTELLIGENCE, HAVE FAILED TO LOCATE THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

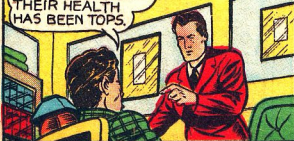
JIM! JIM!
GOSH-HE'S
THE TENTH
GUY TO DROP
TODAY



THE WHITE STREAK, CALLED TO THE COLORS BY UNCLE SAM, IS SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON BY AGENT HOOK OF THE F.B.I.

YOU MEAN THESE MEN JUST KEEL OVER ON THE JOB? AREN'T THEY EXAMINED BY A DOCTOR BEFORE GOING TO WORK?

THEY ARE, STREAK.
BUT IN ALL CASES
THEIR HEALTH
HAS BEEN TOPS.



AND YOU SAY OVER HALF THE MEN IN THAT FACTORY ARE DOWN WITH VARIOUS SICKNESSES. THAT THEIR RESISTANCE IS SHOT. H-M-M-M-M THAT'S CERTAINLY STRANGE!



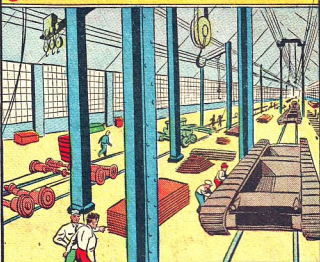
BUT DON'T WORRY— THERE'S AN ANSWER TO THIS AND I'LL FIND IT—
FOR UNCLE SAM

I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT. EVERY-
THING'S BEEN
ARRANGED. YOU START

TO WORK AT
THE FACTORY
TOMORROW
AS AN
ORDINARY WORKMAN.



THE NEXT DAY— WHITE STREAK GOES TO WORK.



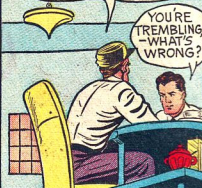
AT LUNCH TIME THE STREAK GOES
TO LUNCH WITH ONE OF THE WORKERS

WONDER WHAT'S CAUSING ALL THIS
SICKNESS I HEAR ABOUT?

IF YOU COULD
FIGURE THAT
OUT YOU'D
GET A JUICY
BONUS FROM THE
COMPANY.

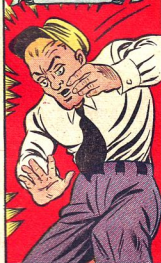


THE ONLY THING I'VE BEEN
ABLE TO FIGURE OUT IS—
EVERYONE OF THE GUYS
WHO GOT SICK HAVE BOUGHT
THEIR LUNCH HERE.



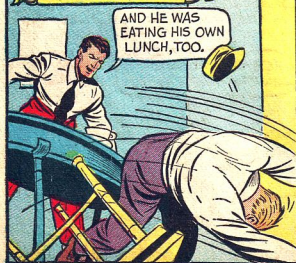
YOU'RE
TREMBLING—
WHAT'S
WRONG?

SUDDENLY—



THE WORKMAN DROPS—

AND HE WAS
EATING HIS OWN
LUNCH, TOO.



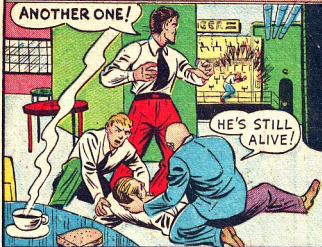
BUT AS THE WHITE STREAK
BENDS OVER THE FALLEN MAN—

HIS OWN LUNCH, YES—
BUT HE BOUGHT COFFEE
—I WONDER—?



SUDDENLY, THE STREAK SEES AN ELECTRICIAN AT A HUGE SWITCHBOARD START TO FALL—

ANOTHER ONE!



**AS THE ELECTRICIAN TOPPLES —
— THE STREAK RUSHES FORWARD.**

**JUMPING
ELECTRONS!
THOSE
SWITCHES!**

**HIGH
VOLTAGE**



THE MAN'S BODY STRIKES A
HUGE SWITCH THROWING THE
LINE OF MOTORS INTO HIGH GEAR



THE WHIRLING GEARS ON
THE LINE CATCH ANOTHER
WORKMAN OFF GUARD,
DRAWING HIM IN.



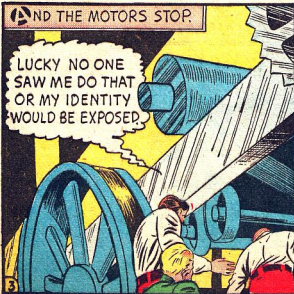
THE STREAK'S ELECTRONIC
EYES FLASH.

**—AND THIS
IS IT.**



AND THE MOTORS STOP.

**LUCKY NO ONE
SAW ME DO THAT
OR MY IDENTITY
WOULD BE EXPOSED.**

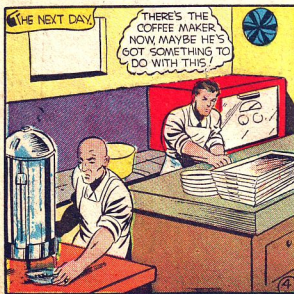


THE COMPANY DOCTOR ARRIVES—

**WHAT— ANOTHER ONE?
GOOD HEAVENS!**

**HE'S STILL GOT A
CHANCE — IF YOU HURRY!**





THAT NIGHT-THE WHITE STREAK RETURNS TO THE PLANT-UN-AWARE OF A SHADOWY FIGURE THAT HAS TRAILED HIM!

IF IT'S NOT IN THE KITCHEN, THEN IT MUST BE IN THE COFFEE ITSELF!



WELL-WE'LL SOON SEE, LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS DOOR AND FIX THE LOCK!

No. 12

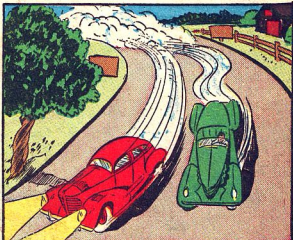
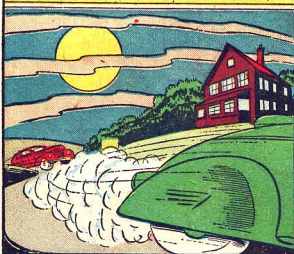


AS THE STREAK LEAVES WITH A SEALED 5-POUND CAN OF COFFEE, THE SHADOWY FIGURE WATCHES CLOSELY.

I'LL TAKE THIS RIGHT DOWN TO DAVIS'S LAB. HE SAID HE'D BE WAITING.



THE WHITE STREAK'S CAR ROARS BACK TO TOWN-CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER!

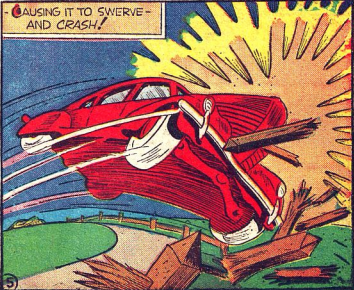


SUDDENLY-AS THE STREAK ROUNDS A SHARP CURVE, THE TRAILING CAR SPURTS FORWARD AND ATTEMPTS TO FORCE HIM OFF THE ROAD!

SEEING HIS PERIL, THE STREAK'S EYES BLAZE AND A BLAST OF ELECTRONS CRASHES INTO THE OTHER CAR'S FRONT WHEEL-



CAUSING IT TO SWERVE - AND CRASH!



THE STREAK STOPS AND RUSHES TO THE OTHER DRIVER'S AID.

BLAZES! IT'S THE COFFEE MAKER.

AND HE'S DEAD. BUT WHAT'S THIS? A RING—AN ANCIENT POISON RING/HMMM/WHAT'S THIS POWDERY STUFF IN IT?

THE STREAK RACES TO HIS CAR AND HEADS FOR AGENT DAVIS'S LAB.

I'M BE-GINNING TO SEE DAY LIGHT!

AT THE LAB.

STREAK!
YOU STARTLED ME!

I THINK I'LL STARTLE YOU EVEN MORE-IN A MINUTE!

DAVIS PUTS A FEW GRAINS OF THE SUBSTANCE FOUND IN THE RING THROUGH A SERIES OF TESTS.

GOT IT?

YOU'RE RIGHT, STREAK, THIS IS A POWERFUL SOPORIFIC DRUG, THAT RING WOULD HOLD ENOUGH TO KNOCKOUT AN ELEPHANT! WE MUST HAVE HAD A CLEAN BATCH OF COFFEE BEFORE!

SO THAT COFFEE MAKER COULD DRUG A WHOLE PLANT FULL OF MEN EASILY WHILE HE Poured IN THE COFFEE/HMMM/ YET THAT DOCTOR CLAIMED HE FOUND NO EVIDENCE OF ANY DRUG. HAVE YOU GOT HIS ADDRESS?

YES—IN OUR FILES!

GETTING THE COMPANY DOCTOR'S ADDRESS, THE STREAK RUSHES OUT. NOW I REMEMBER!

YOU CAN NOTIFY THE POLICE ABOUT THAT CRASH! I'VE GOT TO GET BUSY-FAST!

OKAY! THEN I'LL ROUND UP A FEW OF THE BOYS AND MEET YOU AT THE DOC'S PLACE!



HERE WE ARE NOW—AND SOMEONE'S HOME!

AT THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE

THE STREAK SAFE FROM OBSERVATION, USES HIS X-RAY VISION!



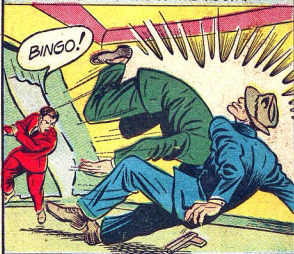
CLIMBING TO THE ROOF, THE STREAK PEERS THROUGH THE LIGHTED WINDOW.



THE STREAK GOES INTO ACTION-WITH A VENGEANCE!



GRABBING ONE OF THE MEN, THE WHITE STREAK HURLS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM!



WHEN WHIRLS TOWARD THE DOCTOR!



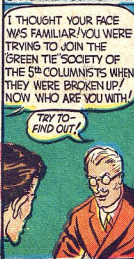
BUT AS THE MAN RUSHES FORWARD A SHOT RINGS OUT!



AND THE DOORWAY IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH G-MEN.



THE DOCTOR AND HIS GANG ARE ROUNDED UP!



WHO WAS THE DOCTOR WORKING FOR?

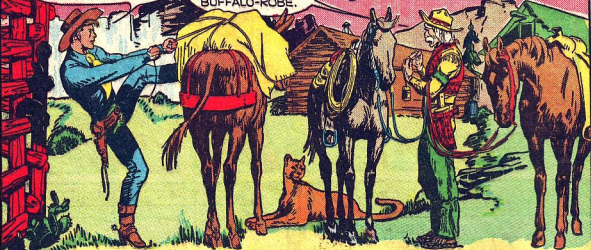
WHAT NEW SOCIETY OF ANTI-AMERICANS IS TRYING TO SABOTAGE OUR DEFENSE INDUSTRIES?

YOU'LL FIND OUT AS THE **WHITE STREAK** RUNS THEM DOWN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET COMICS!**

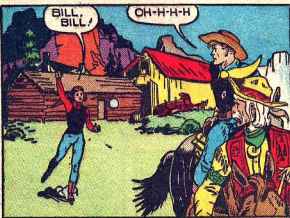
BULL'S-EYE BILL

I TOLD SIX OF THE BOYS TO MEET ME IN ELK TOOTH PASS, 120 MILES WEST OF CANYON CITY...O.K.F

RECKON SO, BILL. BROOMTAILS OUT THAT-A-WAY IS THICKER'N GREY-BACKS ON A BUFFALO-ROBE.

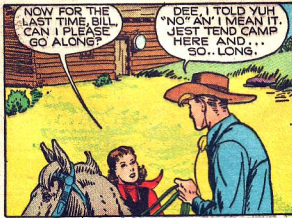


TARGET RANCH IS ABOUT TO BE CLOSED TEMPORARILY AS BILL HAS BEEN CALLED TO THE SERVICE OF UNCLE SAM, IN THE REMOUNT DIVISION OF THE U.S. ARMY. MEANWHILE CONGRESS HAS APPROPRIATED FUNDS TO SECURE 20,000 HORSES FOR USE IN DEVELOPING AND MAINTAINING INCREASED CAVALRY DEFENSE IN THE WESTERN AREA... BILL HAS SENT FOR OLD "RAWHIDE" ROBBING... WOLFER, TRAPPER AND GUIDE, FROM THE BUCKSKIN MOUNTAINS... HE GUARANTEES TO SHOW BILL PLENTY OF LOOSE UNBRANDED HORSES...



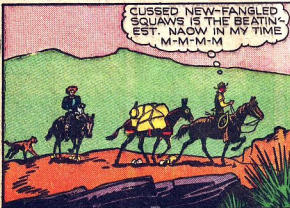
BILL, BILL!

OH-H-H-H

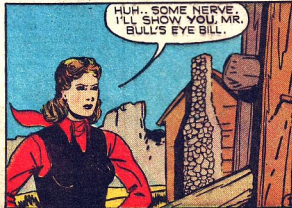


NOW FOR THE LAST TIME, BILL, CAN I PLEASE GO ALONG?

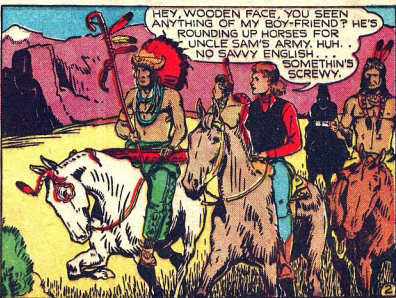
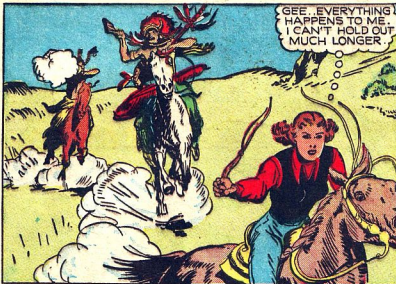
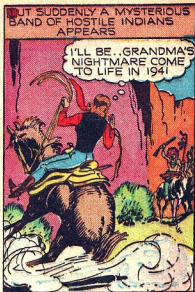
DEE, I TOLD YUH "NO" AN' I MEAN IT. JEST TEND CAMP HERE AND... SO.. LONG.



CUSSED NEW-FANGLED SQUAWS IS THE BEATIN'-EST. NAOW IN MY TIME M-M-M-M



HUH.. SOME NERVE. I'LL SHOW YOU, MR. BULL'S EYE BILL.

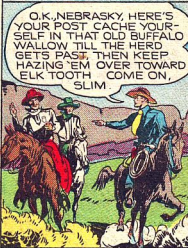


MEANWHILE, BILL AND "RAWHIDE" HAVE MET THE BOYS AND HAVE FOUND A NATURAL TRAP IN THE HILLS....



I SEE BY THE SIGN, THE FUZZTAILS PASS HERE RIGHT FREQUENT. WE'LL JEST SASHAY 'EM ALONG THEIR OLD TRAIL AND AND HAZE 'EM INTO THE TRAP NATHERAL LIKE.

HAVING BUILT A WELL CONCEALED GATE TO THE TRAP, BILL POSTS HIS MEN IN FIVE MILE RELAYS

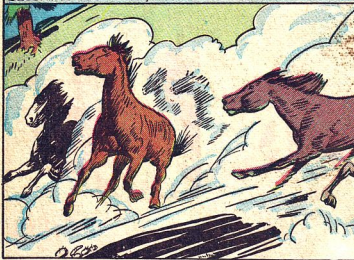


O.K., NEBRASKY, HERE'S YOUR POST CACHE YOURSELF IN THAT OLD BUFFALO WALLOW TILL THE HERD GETS PAST, THEN KEEP HAZING 'EM OVER TOWARD ELK TOOTH. COME ON, SLIM.

THERE'S YOUR FIRST BUNCH, SLIM, CUT AROUND BEHIND 'EM AN' LINE OUT FER HOME. I'LL JOG BACK AND GIVE "RAWHIDE" A HAND AT THE FINISH



BILL ARRIVES JUST IN TIME, AS THE HORSES, BECOMING SUSPICIOUS, HAVE SWERVED OFF THE TRAIL.



GOTTA TURN THAT LEADER.



THAT'S THE HARD WAY, BUT WE GOT 'EM.

BANG



SEVERAL DAYS LATER THE NUMBER OF CAPTIVES HAS GROWN TO FOUR HUNDRED.

THAT'LL DO. WHEN WE GET THESE HOBBLERD AND TRAIL-BROKE, WE'LL RUN THEM DOWN TO THE MEADOW WITH THE REST OF THE REMUDA.

OUT THAT NIGHT, THE UNGUARDED TRAP IS RAIDED...



GOOD THING THE NIGHT WRANGLER DOWN IN THE MEADOW WAS WIDE AWAKE, OR WE'D HAVE LOST 'EM ALL. WHOEVER DONE THIS HAS GOTTA ANSWER TO UNCLE SAM.



WHAT'S EATIN' YUH NOW, YUH OLD BILLY GOAT?

GIT THE HOSSES AND FOLLER ME, YOUNG FELLER, HERE'S THE RUSTLER'S TRAIL, SHOD HORSES.



THEY FOLLOW THE TRAIL.

SIGN'S RIGHT FRESH AND I SEE SMOKE.

TAKE IT EASY, PAINTER.



FAN ME WITH A TRADE-BALL IF IT AIN'T A CHEYENNE VILLAGE. AIN'T SEEN THE LIKE SINCE BUFFALO RAN ON THE ARKANSAS.

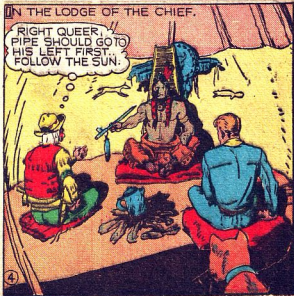


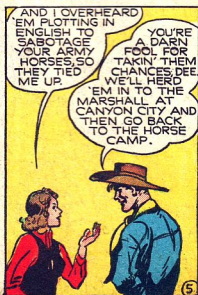
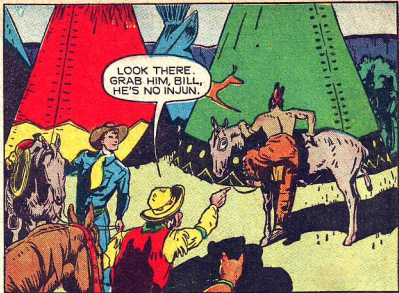
THEY ENTER THE VILLAGE.



IN THE LODGE OF THE CHIEF.

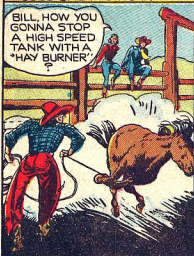
RIGHT QUEER, PIPE SHOULD GOTO HIS LEFT FIRST. FOLLOW THE SUN.



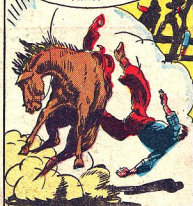


HAVING TURNED OVER THE SPIES TO THE MARSHALL, BILL GOES BACK TO WORK.

BILL, HOW YOU GONNA STOP A HIGH SPEED TANK WITH A "HAY BURNER"?

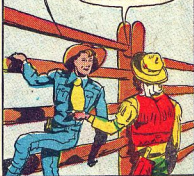


D'JEVER SEE A HIGH SPEED TANK IN THE GRAND CANYON? OR A MUDDY RIVER BOTTOM? HEY, NEBRASKY... LET ME SHOW YUH HOW TO SCRATCH HIM.



HEY, IKE, YOU NEVER TOLD ME HOW YOU KNEW THEM SPIES WAS INJUNS.

WAL, "BILLY", EFFEN YUH KIN HANG AND RATTLE ON THIS HERE JUG-HEADED CAYUSE I'LL TELL YUH.



YIP-PEE

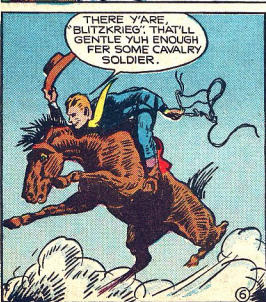


REEF 'IM BILL

GOT YORE PARACHUTE, BILL?



THERE Y'ARE, "BLITZKRIEG", THAT'LL GENTLE YUH ENOUGH FER SOME CAVALRY SOLDIER.



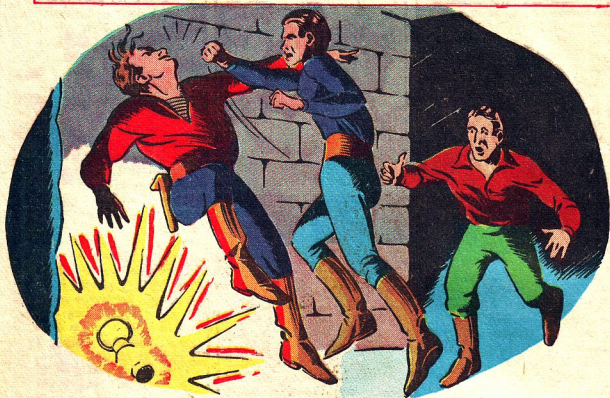
WELL... RAWHIDE

WA-A-L, BILLY, WHEN THAT VARMINT WENT TO FORK HIS PONY, HE DONE IT ALLA-SAME WHITE MAN, FROM THE LEFT SIDE. NEVER WAS AN INJUN LIVIN' THAT GOT ON FROM ANY SIDE BUT THE RIGHT, DERN CLEVER THEM FURRINERS... SOMETIMES



BULL'S EYE
BILL
RIDES
AGAIN FOR
UNCLE
SAM
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
ISSUE OF
TARGET
COMICS

Wulf's head crashed against the wall; his lantern dropped to the floor, burst into flame. Then Nick shouted...



THE GHOST OF VENUS

SYNOPSIS: Steve Raymond, space-detective, and his assistant, Nick, are captured by the Ghost of Venus while tracking him down. They believe the Ghost to be Dr. Kal-Ryn, a scientist who faked his own death. Thrown into a dungeon by the Ghost, Steve and Nick are estranged when an old man tunnels his way into their cell and tells them he is Dr. Kal-Ryn!

is Nakek Jaru, my one-time assistant."

"Nick," said Steve, I see the light. Scott wasn't quite right. Dr. Kal-Ryn, did Jaru, overpower you and take charge of the Red-ray?"

"But why," asked Nick, "did he wait five years after staging your death?"

"Until suspicion died down. It took time to secretly prepare this elaborate layout. Jaru controls the Red-ray from a tower in the jungle; he forced me to set up the apparatus, then threw me in the dungeons. Now for two years, with this little pick," Kal-Ryn handed it to Steve, "I've chiseled away, only to find I've tunneled into another cell!"

"But we're not lost yet!" exclaimed Steve. "I have a plan. Tell me, when are we fed?"

"Once a day, at noon."

"Steve, it's nearly that now."

"Right. Now listen. If this works we've got a chance..."

CHAPTER III

by Bob Burts



REAT SCOTT! Did you say you are Dr. Kal-Ryn?"

The old man nodded. "Yes, I'm Kal-Ryn. I've been a prisoner down here for years."

"Jumpin' Jupiter, Steve, who is the Ghost then?" Nick asked.

"I can tell you that," said Kal-Ryn. "The Ghost of Venus

"Yes," Kal-Ryn sat on the cot, his shoulders sagging.

"When I had completed the formula for the Red-ray, he had his men kidnap me, and faked our deaths. Now, the fiend is using it to his own advantage," Kal-Ryn buried his face in his thin hands. "And I trusted him..."

MINUTES later, feigning exhaustion on the cell floor, Steve heard Wulf Rondo's heavy steps, saw the glow of a lantern outside the cell. A key grated in the lock; Steve stirred. Wulf entered, holding his lantern high, and Nick, lying on the bunk, groaned.

"So, our detectives ain't feelin' so good!" Wulf laughed. "Well, ain't that too bad. I brought your dinner, boys." He placed a pan beside the bunk, bent over the writhing Nick. "What's the matter, space-dick? Ain't—"

It was then that Kal-Ryn glided from his corner by the door. But the scientist slipped—the boot he held flew from his fingers! Wulf whirled with a snarl, his hand darting to his ray-gun. Steve leaped up!

Wulf yelled once before Steve hit him. Behind that blow went all the hatred he felt for this human vulture before him. Wulf's head struck the wall and he slumped grotesquely. The lantern smashed on the floor.

"Quick!" gasped Steve. "Get his gun, Nick! We've got to get out of here! They probably heard that yell above!"

Seconds were precious now. They raced from the cell, down a damp corridor at the far end of which a candle flickered. New life flowed through Kal-Ryn's veins at his freedom. "Let's—head for—the tower!" he panted.

"Right!" snapped Steve. "If we only had more guns!"

They came to stairs, narrow and twisting and slimy, started up them three at a time.

"Maybe—they didn't—hear us above, Steve!" panted Nick. "Maybe—"

Too late Steve heard the sudden clatter of descending footsteps. "Back, Nick!" he yelled hoarsely. They skidded to a stop at a corner landing—and ran full-tilt into the Ghost, Piper and Dirk!

"Get them!" screamed the Ghost.

Steve leaped in a low dive. Nick, off balance, raised his gun to fire. Too late! Piper's gun spoke; Nick's weapon dropped from his numb fingers. As Steve, the Ghost and Dirk fell in a twisting tumble, Kal-Ryn dove for it. Like a leopard Piper leaped, his gun smashing the scientist cruelly across the temple. Kal-Ryn crumpled. Piper whirled on Steve, disentangled from the Ghost and Dirk for a second. His voice was wailing:

"Hold it, space-dick! I've got yuh!"

Panting, Steve slowly stood up, his eyes blazing impotently.

"Never mind, fella," grinned Nick. "You mussed up the Ghost, anyway! His shirt's dirty!" Kal-Ryn stirred then, rose groggily.

Suddenly Wulf Rondo's footsteps became audible. He burst around the corner, murder in his little eyes.

"Wulf, you clumsy fool!" raged Nakek Jaru, the Ghost. "They almost escaped. I'll attend to you, later!" Steve grinned in spite of himself. The Ghost whirled on them. "So, your little scheme failed! Just for that you die! Piper, Dirk, take them to the chamber! Wulf, you go to the tower and watch for ships!"

Quickly Steve, Nick and Dr. Kal-Ryn were escorted up more stairs, down a corridor to a steel door. The Ghost spoke.

"Wait, Piper. In here." Piper produced a key, swung the heavy door silently open. The Ghost motioned with his ray-gun, laughed evilly. "Enter, dogs! We'll do our best to make you comfortable!"



WONDERINGLY, the trio entered. The room had bare-steel walls, floors and ceiling. "No chairs?" asked Nick in grim humor.

"No chairs," mocked the Ghost as Dirk and Piper grinned. "You won't need them!" Suddenly the Ghost stepped back, and the heavy door cut short his mocking laugh as it slammed shut.

"Steve, I don't understand," muttered Dr. Kal-Ryn. "If—"

"Great Jupiter, look!" Nick pointed to the ceiling. Steve's heart sank. Panels had slid back; four little jets had appeared, and from them issued a heavy green gas. . . .

"Gas!" hissed Steve.

"You mean to say we got to die like rats in a trap?" queried Nick. "Not if I can help it! There must be some way out!"

"Handkerchiefs!" clipped Steve, and tied his own across his mouth.

Frantically they began searching. Steve pounded every steel plate, battered the door, dug at the floor plates till his fingers bled. Softly the green gas hissed its death song, and when Steve got a breath of it his throat burned terribly and tears came to his eyes.

Already Dr. Kal-Ryn, weakened by his ordeal, was coughing violently; slowly he sank to the floor. Now the gas was getting thicker, so thick it was hard to see. Nick's stumbling figure became a dim blur. God, what a death!

Suddenly Steve paused. The iron pick Kal-Ryn had given him! Blindly he searched for it, groped his way to the door, dropped to his knees. Desperately his fingers sought the lock, desperately he worked the pick into it. "Open . . . open . . ." he prayed, but the lock held.

"Steve . . ." he heard Nick's choked cry, heard the thud of his body as he collapsed. Still he kept at it—picking, picking. . . . But now Steve's senses were reeling. His throat burned, his eyes! Now, a black cloud was rushing down upon him—the black cloud of death.

To be concluded next month.

Pencils
of
FIRE

LUCKY

Flier

BYRD

of G2



LIEUTENANT LUCKY BYRD, GRADUATE OF RANDOLPH FIELD, IS SECRETLY A MEMBER OF G2, -MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!

IN ORDER TO WORK HIS WAY INTO THAT ANTI-AMERICAN GROUP OF RENEGADE PILOTS KNOWN AS THE SCARLET SQUADRON - LUCKY HAS BEEN PUBLICLY BRANDED AS A TRAITOR, AND IS SUPPOSEDLY KICKED OUT OF THE ARMY

YOU
ARRR!
FRANCIS
DAMPBELL

AN ARMY PLANE, CARRYING COLONEL CLIVE OF G2, FLIES TO A MYSTERIOUS FIELD



THERE'S THE FIELD, PILOT Z-71 ON THE MAP!



AFTER THE PLANE LANDS

WONDER WHAT BYRD MEANT, INSISTING THAT I MEET HIM AT **THIS** FORSAKEN FIELD?



LUCKY BYRD'S PLANE APPROACHES THE FIELD

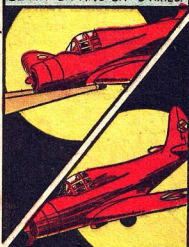
I GUESS THAT'S COL CLIVE'S PLANE!



I'LL FIND OUT!

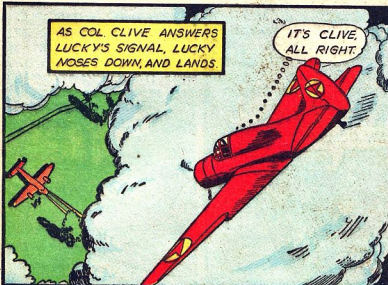


LUCKY'S LANDING LIGHTS BLINK ON AND OFF 3 TIMES



AS COL. CLIVE ANSWERS LUCKY'S SIGNAL, LUCKY NOSES DOWN, AND LANDS

IT'S CLIVE, ALL RIGHT.



3 MINUTES LATER -

GLAD TO SEE YOU, LIEUTENANT BYRD! BUT, WHY DID YOU INSIST ON THIS OUTLANDISH MEETING PLACE?

I HAD TO, COL. CLIVE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HAD TO?

COLONEL, WITH DEFENSE PLANS GOING AHEAD, THE ANTI-AMERICAN GROUPS ARE DESPERATE -



- AND I, AND EVERY ONE OF THE OTHER 130 MILLION LOYAL AMERICANS IN THIS COUNTRY MUST DEDICATE HIMSELF TO NATIONAL DEFENSE, AND IT'S PROTECTION!

THAT'S RIGHT, BYRD! BUT, AGAIN I ASK, WHY THIS MEETING PLACE, INSTEAD OF WASHINGTON?





EDITOR'S NOTE LUCKY IS AN UNDERCOVER MAN IN THE TRAITOROUS SCARLET SQUADRON





BYRD! WHY, THAT TRAITOR!

HE SOLD OUT HIS COUNTRY!

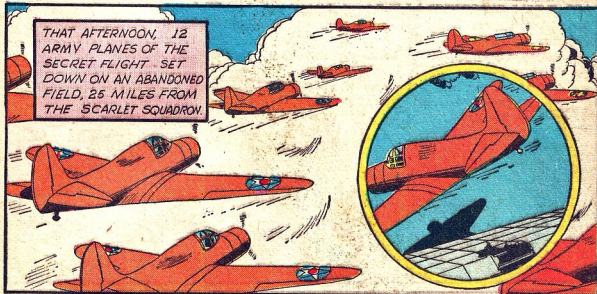
JUST A MINUTE, GENTLEMEN! I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

LATER, AS THE PILOTS OF THE SECRET FLIGHT LEAVE COLONEL CLIVE'S OFFICE.

I DIDN'T THINK LUCKY WAS A TRAITOR!

CAREFUL, SKEETS!

SO! I MUST WARN THE SCARLET SQUADRON!



THAT AFTERNOON, 12 ARMY PLANES OF THE SECRET FLIGHT SET DOWN ON AN ABANDONED FIELD, 25 MILES FROM THE SCARLET SQUADRON.

MEANWHILE, AT THE SCARLET SQUADRON FIELD!

THE GAS ATTACK ON NEW YORK IS **TOMORROW!** WE TAKE OFF AT 5 AM! BYRD, YOU FLY NUMBER 3 BOMBER!

AN HONOR, MY LEADER!

AND, THAT NIGHT—

STATION WXYZ? THIS IS LUCKY BYRD. PLAY 'WHO,' 'STAR DUST,' AND 'TIGER RAG'!

WE PLAY FOR LUCKY BYRD, TIGER RAG!

SKEETS! GET OUT THE CODE BOOK!

LUCKY'S MESSAGE IS 'BOMBERS TAKE OFF AT 5 AM.'

LET'S GO!

15 MINUTES LATER, AT THE SECRET FLIGHT'S HEADQUARTERS.

JUST BEFORE DAWN AT THE
SCARLET SQUADRON

WE TAKE OFF IN 20
MINUTES! HAIL THE
HOMELAND!

HAIL!

STOP! BYRD IS A SPY
FOR THE AMERICAN ARMY!
I KNOW!

SO!

SOMEONE WAS
CARELESS!

BUT, THE SPY IN THE
WAR DEPARTMENT UN-
MASKS LUCKY.

SO, BYRD! I SUSPECTED
YOU! YOU KNOW THE
PENALTY FOR
TREACHERY-
DEATH!

I'D
BETTER
THINK FAST!

WAIT!

DON'T SHOOT ME! I CAN
GIVE YOU SOME INFOR-
MATION- LOOK, HERE'S
HOW THE SECRET BOMB
SIGHT WORKS! I'LL
DRAW IT!

LET HIM SHOW
US-THEN!

ALL
RIGHT.

LUCKY TAKES THE INCEN-
DIARY PENCIL FROM HIS
POCKET, AND "ACCIDENTALLY"
BREAKS OFF THE TIP

CONFOUND THIS PENCIL!

LUCKY THROWS THE PENCIL
INTO THE WASTEBASKET.-

-AND, WAITING FOR THE
EXPLOSION DRAWS BUSILY
WITH ANOTHER PENCIL.

WHAT IS-

GANGWAY!

BOOM

SUDDENLY THE PENCIL
EXPLODES VIOLENTLY.

PARDON MY FIST!

AMID THE CONFUSION FOLLOWING THE 'PENCIL'S' EXPLOSION, LUCKY FLEES

RACING TO THE FIELD, HE TAKES OFF IN A SCARLET SQUADRON PURSUIT PLANE

CATCH HIM!

TWO SCARLET SQUADRON FLIERS TAKE OFF IN PURSUIT!

(NO AMMUNITION! WOW!)

THEY DIDN'T GET HERE ANY TOO SOON!

MEANWHILE, LUCKY SIGHTS HIS SECRET FLIGHT APPROACHING!

BUT, THE BOMBERS TAKE OFF, BOUND FOR NEW YORK WITH THEIR LOAD OF DEATH-

WHILE LUCKY, AND HIS FLIGHT, MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE 2 SCARLET SQUADRON SHIPS

FULL SPEED FOR NEW YORK! WE MUST HEAD OFF THOSE DEVILISH BOMBERS! FOLLOW ME!

BUT- THE BOMBERS ARE FAR AHEAD OF LUCKY'S FLIGHT.

HEAD THEM AWAY FROM
NEW YORK!



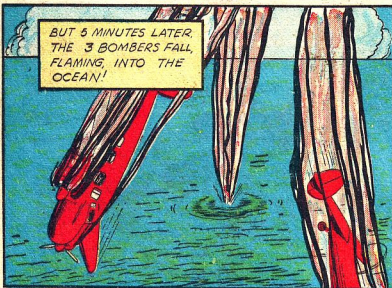
NEAR NEW YORK CITY, LUCKY
OVERTAKES THE BOMBERS

FIRE AT WILL!



TRYING TO ESCAPE, THE
BOMBERS HEAD OVER
THE ATLANTIC OCEAN-

BUT 5 MINUTES LATER,
THE 3 BOMBERS FALL,
FLAMING, INTO THE
OCEAN!



AND, LITTLE REALIZING THAT
IT HAS JUST MISSED BEING
ANNIHILATED, NEW YORK
AWAKES TO A NEW DAY.



LATER, AS LUCKY LISTENS
TO THE RADIO -

THIS OBSERVER IS WONDERING
IF THERE IS ANY CONNECTION
BETWEEN THE AIR BATTLE
OVER THE ATLANTIC, AND
THE MILLIONS OF DEAD FISH
FLOATING -

SOME STUFF,
THAT GAS!



-IN' THE OCEAN! ALSO, THE
RAID ON THE SCARLET
SQUADRON FIELD IN WHICH -
WELL, ANYWAY, NO PRISONERS
WERE TAKEN!

THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA!



COLONEL, **EVERYONE** IN
THE SCARLET SQUADRON
WHO **KNOWS** I'M AN UNDER-
COVER MAN, IS **DEAD**!
SO, I CAN STILL WORK ON
A PLAN I HAVE TO **CAPTURE**
THE **NATIONAL LEADER**!
IT WILL BE **RISKY**, BUT -



A NEW LUCKY BYRD STORY IN
THE NEXT TARGET COMICS.



Now Showing

BRUCE BRIAN

in

The THREE MUTINEERS

A Fantastic Feature Film
in Color

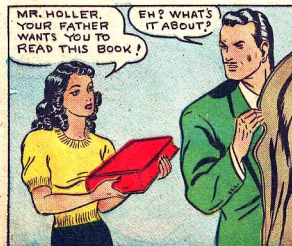
STEVE MASON Bruce Brian
REGGIE HOLLER, JR. Darron Davis
HAM RUFLE Simon Simon
OTTO BEITZ Orson Black
FRITZ BARX Warren Hart

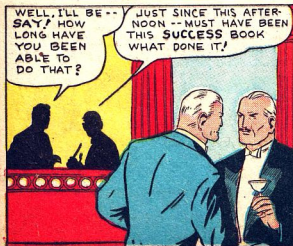
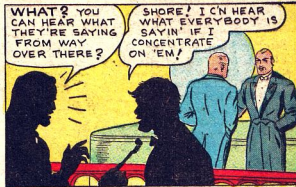
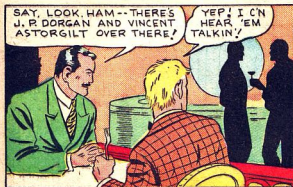
AS THE black clouds of war hover ominously on our horizon, America prepares her defenses. To those of you who are nobly doing your part we offer our deepest gratitude. Rest assured that the sacrifices you make are for the most worthy cause possible — FREEDOM!

And so, in recognition of your loyalty and devotion to the American way of life, we dedicate this and future stories to you.

Let us turn now to the story of three young men who had much in common...







WOW! HAM, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A FORTUNE WITH THOSE EARS OF YOURS! LET'S GO!



WHAR WE GOIN'?

SO MUCH THE BETTER THAT HE WATCHES US! THAT DIVERTS HIS ATTENTION FROM OUR REAL PROJECT! HA! THEY'RE GUARDING CLOSELY THEIR MUNITIONS PLANTS BUT, WAIT UNTIL THE CITY'S HEATING SYSTEM BLOWS UP-- WRECKING THEIR FINE BUILDINGS-- THEIR STREETS AND THEIR SUBWAYS--



FOUR DAYS LATER... IN ANOTHER SUITE OF THE RITZ MORE HOTEL...

SHUCKS! AIN'T NEVER HAD S'MUCH FUN IN ALL M'LIFE! WISHT PAW AND MAW COULD SEE ME NOW-HAW! D'YOU RECKON WE'LL SOON BE RICHER'N ROCKEFELLER?



JUST KEEP YOUR EARS PEELED, HAM, AND WE MIGHT! I'M GOING TO THE BROKERS OFFICE -- BE BACK SOON!

MEANWHILE... IN THE RITZ MORE HOTEL-- OTTO BEITZ AND FRITZ BARY HAVE A VERY INTERESTING DISCUSSION...

BUT, THIS WAITING, OTTO... WHY CAN'T WE DO IT NOW, BEFORE PEOPLE GET TOO SUSPICIOUS? ALREADY THAT NEWSPAPER REPORTER DOGS OUR EVERY STEP!



YOU ARE STUPID, FRITZ!

YES! BUT WHEN?

IN FOUR MORE DAYS-- THEN EVERYTHING WILL BE PREPARED AND OUR MEN WILL SUBSTITUTE THE REAL CREW OF THE CITY'S HEATING PLANT AND THEN...



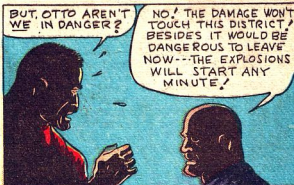
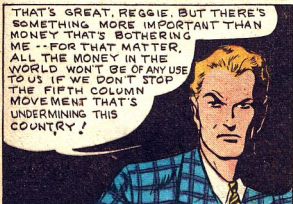
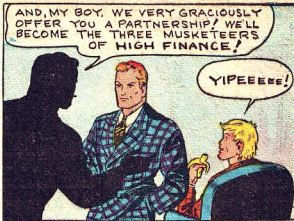
WELL I'LL BE -- REGGIE HOLLER!!

STEVE MASON! WHAT LUCK! COME ON UPSTAIRS AND I'LL TELL YOU OF A PROPOSITION THAT WILL KNOCK YOUR HAT OFF!

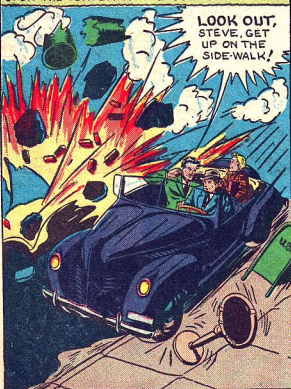


STEVE, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THE GREATEST GUY IN THE WORLD, HAM RUFLE! SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HIM!





A FEW SECONDS LATER AS STEVE, REGGIE AND HAM RACE TOWARD THE CITY HEATING SYSTEM... A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RIPS OPEN THE CENTER OF THE STREET...



LOOK OUT, STEVE, GET UP ON THE SIDE-WALK!

AS THE CAR SWINGS PERILOUSLY AROUND THE GAPING HOLE, AN OLD CONDEMNED BUILDING SUDDENLY GIVES WAY...

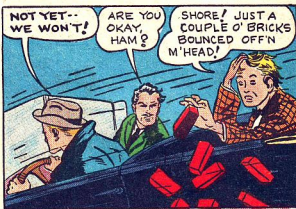


GREAT SCOTT! THAT BUILDING IS COLLAPSING--WE'LL BE BURIED BENEATH IT!

NOT YET--WE WON'T!

ARE YOU OKAY, HAM?

SHORE! JUST A COUPLE O' BRICKS BOUNCED OFF'N M'HEAD!



MEANWHILE...IN THE CITY HEATING PLANT, THE FAKE CREW IS STEPPING UP THE STEAM AND ADDING MORE OF THE MYSTERIOUS CHEMICAL TO THE FEED-LINE OF THE BOILER...

QUICK! GIVE IT MORE...WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THIS PLACE BLOWS UP TOO...OR BEFORE THE CITY GETS WISE THAT IT'S THE HEATING SYSTEM!

RIGHT! WE'LL LEAVE THE REAL CREW HERE. THEN NOBODY WILL LIVE TO TELL THE TALE AND IT WILL BE JUST **ANOTHER UNSOLVED MYSTERY!**



OUTSIDE THE PLANT, THREE MEN CREEP STEALTHILY TOWARD AN ARMED GUARD...

WE CAN'T RUSH HIM--HE'D GIVE THE ALARM!

SHUCKS! I COULD SNEAK UP ON A RABBIT...LET ME HANDLE THE CRITTER!

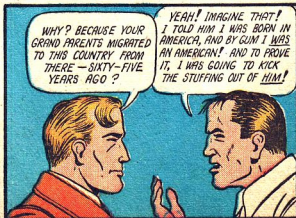
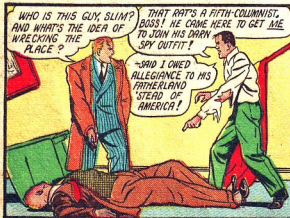


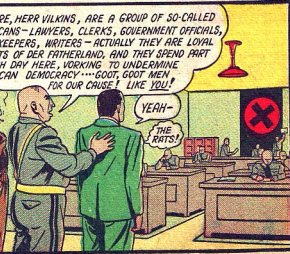
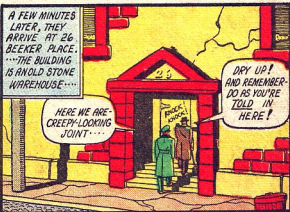
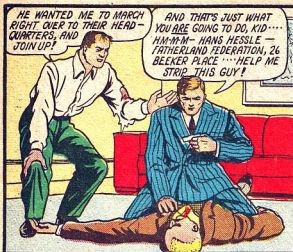
HAW! I KNOW'D THIS 'SUCCESS' BOOK WOULD COME IN HANDY!

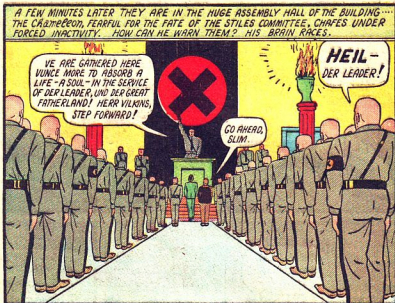


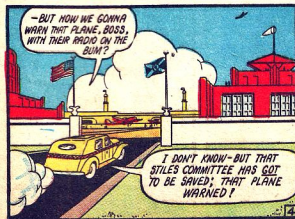
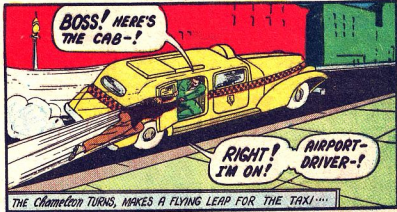


The Chameleon









EXCITEDLY, THEY RUSH
OUT ONTO THE FIELD.

GREAT HEAVENS—
THERE IT IS—!

AND THERE'S
NO RADIO IN IT!
NOW—

THE FIELD'S CLEAR!
HE'LL COME RIGHT IN!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



I'VE GOT IT!
A SIGN! WHERE'S THE
REPAIR SHOP?
QUICKLY! —NEXT
BUILDING—
—THE CELLAR!

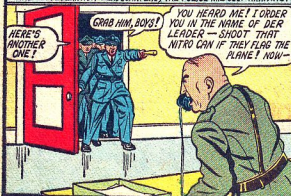


AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT
ANOTHER AIRPORT OFFICIAL IS
RECEIVING A TELEPHONE CALL
FROM THE HATHERLAND FEDERATION.

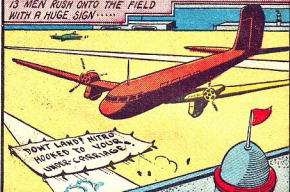
YES, CHIEF, IT'S COMING IN
NOW—BUT TO SHOOT FROM
HERE WOULD BE SHEER—



...AND AT FEDERATION HEADQUARTERS, THE POLICE ARE JUST ARRIVING!



AS THE PLANE CIRCLES DOWN INTO THE WIND TO LAND,
13 MEN RUSH ONTO THE FIELD
WITH A HUGE SIGN....



NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET
THAT NITRO OFF—YOU ORDER A PLANE
INTO THE AIR WITH A MAN ON THE
WING.... FLY IT SMACK UNDER THE STILES'
PLANE, AND GRAB THE CAN, THEN CHUCK
IT INTO THE RIVER! YOU PHONE THE
HANGARS AND GIVE THE ORDER—HURRY!

ARE YOU
MAD, FELLOW!
THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
I WON'T
GIVE SUCH
AN ORDER!



THEN I'M VERY
SORRY—BUT
SOMEBODY
MUST!



JEEPS, BOSS!
YOU SOCKED
THE MANAGER!

HE'LL LIVE—YOU PHONE THE
HANGAR, SLIM—TELL 'EM
YOU'RE THE MANAGER, AND
YOU'RE TO PREPARE
A PLANE!



SLIM RUSHES INTO
THE OFFICE
TO CALL....

BANG!

THAT'S RIGHT!
GET THE PLANE
OUT IMMEDIATELY.
THE STUNT MAN
WILL BE RIGHT THERE!
HELLO—WHAT'S THAT?

THE AIRPORT SPY IS
CARRYING OUT HIS
ORDERS IN THE
NEXT ROOM.

PANG!

PANG!



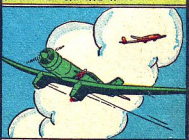
THE Chameleon ARRIVES AT THE HANGARS

THAT PLANE
SET? LET'S
GO!

RIGHTO, MATE....
BETTER DON SOME
GOOGLES AND A
JACKET.



AND THE PLANE LEAPS INTO THE
AIR WITH THE Chameleon PERCHED
PERILOUSLY ON ONE WING....



WHILE THE STILES' PLANE HELPLESSLY
CIRCLES THE FIELD....



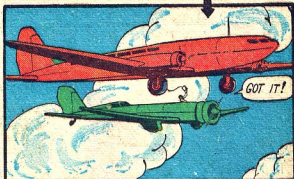
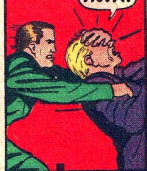
AS THE TWO PLANES NEAR EACH OTHER, SLUGS BEGIN TO SPIT PAST THE *Chameleon's* EAR....



MEANWHILE, SLIM MOVES TO INVESTIGATE THE SHOTS....



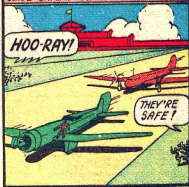
CMERE-YOU! AWK!



THE SHOTS CEASE, AND AS THE TWO PLANES LEVEL OUT TOGETHER, THE *Chameleon* GRABS THE DEADLY CAN OF NITRO....



A FEW MINUTES LATER, BOTH PLANES GLIDE SAFELY TO THE GROUND....



THE COMMITTEE HASTENS TO CONGRATULATE THE *Chameleon*.



YES, SIR - THIS IS THE ORIGINAL MR. SUICIDE, GENTLEMEN!

AS THE EXCITEMENT DIES DOWN, A STRANGER SIDLES UP TO THE *Chameleon*....

HELLO *Chameleon* - I'M DAVES OF THE F.B.I. I WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT THE DEPARTMENT KNOWS YOU'RE A STRAIGHT-SHOOTER, AND THAT YOU HAVE HELPED NILES REED - ALIAS THE TARGET! WE WANT TO ENLIST YOUR HELP FURTHER ON THIS FATHERLAND FEDERATION BUNCH... ON THE QUIET, OF COURSE... HOW ABOUT IT?



TO WHAT EXTENT DOES THE FATHERLAND FEDERATION EXIST IN AMERICA?

THERE WILL BE STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS IN NEXT MONTH'S

TARGET!

THE POWERFUL, MYSTERIOUS
MAN FROM
OUTER SPACE —

SPACE

HAWK



ON THE PLANET NEPTUNE,
IN THE KINGDOM OF NOOM,
A SHREWD OLD SCIENTIST
NAMED DROON GLOATS
AS HE VIEWS THE WAR
TORN PLANET EARTH.

AH! THEY ARE STILL AT IT—
THE FOOLS, AND NOW —
SPACEHAWK IS ONLY A
FEW THOUSAND MILES
AWAY, I CAN GO
AHEAD WITH
MY PLAN!

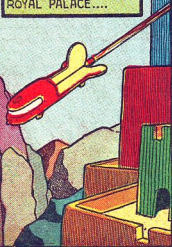
by BASIL
WOLVERTON

DROON IMMEDIATELY
LEAVES HIS LABORATORY,
WHICH IS IN A REMOTE
PART OF THE KINGDOM,
AND FLIES TO THE
ROYAL PALACE....

BEING A FAMOUS
SCIENTIST, HE IS
QUICKLY GRANTED
AN AUDIENCE
WITH QUEEN HABBA,
RULER OF NOOM.

MY DEAR QUEEN,
I HAVE WAYS OF
KNOWING MANY
THINGS, AND I
AM AWARE THAT
IT WOULD MEAN
MUCH TO YOU IF
THE GREAT SPACEHAWK
WERE TO RETURN THE
FEELING YOU HAVE
CONCERNING HIM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I WAS UNDER THE
IMPRESSION YOU CAME
TO DISCUSS AFFAIRS
OF STATE — NOT
MY PERSONAL AFFAIRS!



YOUR PARDON, BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT SPACEHAWK IS STILL STAYING CLOSE TO NEPTUNE! HE IS LOATH TO LEAVE, BECAUSE HE IS MAD ABOUT YOU!

MAD ABOUT ME?
HOW CAN YOU MAKE
SUCH A STATEMENT?

I CAN PROVE MY
STATEMENT, YOUR
HIGHNESS! IT IS
WITHIN MY POWER TO
BRING SPACEHAWK TO
YOU! AND ONCE HE
MEETS YOU AGAIN,
HE WILL DECLARE
HIS LOVE! I CAN
PROMISE YOU THAT!

THEN PROVE IT!
BUT IF YOU FAIL,
AND BRING
EMBARRASSMENT TO
SPACEHAWK OR TO
ME, YOU WILL
REGRET IT!

I SHALL PROVE IT,
MY QUEEN — FOR
A CONSIDERATION!
ALL I ASK IS THE
BARREN LANDS OF
THE OJAH VALLEY,
SO THAT I MAY
CONDUCT CERTAIN
AGRICULTURAL TESTS.
DEED IT TO ME,
AND I SHALL
DISCREETLY ARRANGE
MATTERS IN SUCH A WAY THAT
SPACEHAWK WILL QUICKLY ARRIVE!

SO YOU'RE DEMAND-
ING A PRICE FOR
PLAYING CUPID!
WELL — THE REGION
IS WORTHLESS.
I SHALL DEED IT
TO YOU — IF AND
WHEN YOU SHOW
ME THAT YOU ARE
RIGHT IN THIS
MATTER!

AFTER DROON GOES—

IF ONLY I CAN RELY
ON DROON! THE OJAH
VALLEY IS A SMALL
PRICE TO PAY IF
I COULD LEARN THAT
SPACEHAWK CARES FOR
ME!

MY PLAN IS WORKING!
SOON I SHALL BE IN
POSSESSION OF THE
OJAH VALLEY!

BACK IN HIS
LABORATORY,
DROON BEGINS
HIS STRANGE
TASK BY
FORCING HIS
SERVANT, JOD,
INTO A CAGE.

I NO UNDERSTAND!
WHAT FOR I GO IN
CAGE?

DONT ASK QUESTIONS!
GET IN THERE!

AND NOW, WITH THIS
HOT IRON, I'M
GOING TO ROUSE
YOUR HATRED! IT
IS THE THING THAT
WILL BRING
SPACEHAWK TO ME!

THE ANIMAL-LIKE SERVANT IS AT FIRST BEWILDERED BY HIS MASTER'S CRUEL ACTION. DROON POKES AT HIM WITH THE GLOWING IRON UNTIL JOD IS IN A FRENZY....

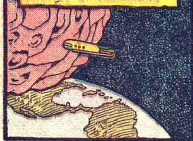
WHY YOU DO THIS? I CRUSH YOU DEAD WHEN I GET OUT!



YOU'D LIKE TO KILL ME, WOULDN'T YOU, JOD? FINE! THAT'S THE WAY I WANT YOU TO FEEL! NOW I'LL TURN THIS SWITCH, AND THAT APPARATUS OVER YOUR HEAD WILL PICK UP AND BROADCAST YOUR HATRED VIBRATIONS!

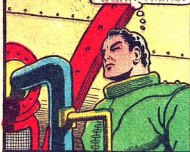


JOD'S TELEPATHIC VIBRATIONS, AMPLIFIED MANY TIMES BY DROON'S APPARATUS, ARE FLUNG OUT INTO SPACE—OUT PAST SPACEHAWK'S SHIP WHICH HOVERS NEAR THE NEPTUNIAN MOON AS SPACEHAWK SEARCHES THE HEAVENS FOR PIRATES OF THE VOID....

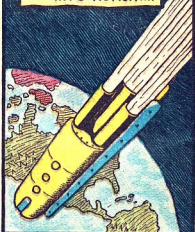


SPACEHAWK'S KEEN, RECEPTIVE MIND INSTANTLY ABSORBS THE TELEPATHIC WAVES—

VIBRATIONS OF HATRED ARE COMING FROM NEPTUNE! SOME POWERFULLY EVIL FORCE MUST BE AT WORK THERE!



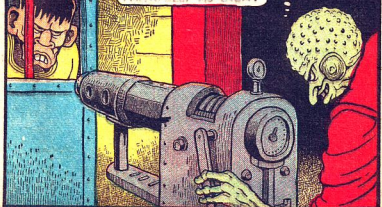
SPACEHAWK THROWS HIS SPEEDY CRAFT INTO ACTION....



AH! JUST AS I'VE PLANNED! SPACEHAWK'S SHIP IS MOVING THIS WAY! HIS POWERFUL MIND HAS CAUGHT JOD'S MENTAL VIBRATIONS, AND HE'S COMING TO INVESTIGATE!



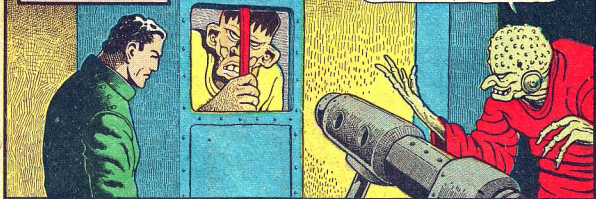
BEFORE HE ARRIVES, I MUST SHOOT MY MEMORY-KILLER RAY INTO JOD'S BRAIN! IT WILL WIPE THIS LITTLE EPISODE OF TORTURE FROM HIS MIND, SO THAT HE WILL SERVE ME AS FAITHFULLY AS EVER!



BUT BEFORE DROON CAN GET THE RAY PROJECTOR IN OPERATION, SPACEHAWK SUDDENLY STRIDES INTO THE ROOM....

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHY IS THAT MAN
IN THE CAGE?

SPACEHAWK! THIS IS INDEED A PLEASANT SURPRISE! YOU HONOR ME BY VISITING MY LABORATORY! AND YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO WATCH AN INTERESTING OPERATION—SOMETHING ENTIRELY HUMANE AND ABOVE BOARD, I ASSURE YOU!



ON THE CONTRARY, THERE'S SOMETHING QUITE WRONG HERE! LET ME LOOK AT THAT MACHINE!

NOW I MUST STAKE EVERYTHING ON MY HYPNOTIC ABILITY! HIS MIND MAY BE STRONGER THAN MINE IN SOME RESPECTS, BUT NO MIND CAN WITHSTAND THE TERRIFIC POWER OF HYPNOSIS I HAVE DEVELOPED IN MY BRAIN!

SOME SORT OF RAY MACHINE, EH? WHY WERE YOU ABOUT TO USE IT ON YOUR PRISONER?

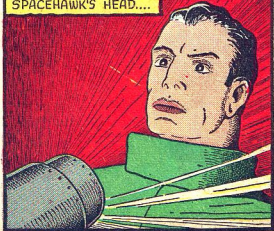
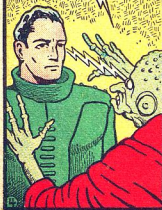
LOOK AT ME! YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN THAT MACHINE! I AM YOUR MASTER! DO AS I COMMAND!



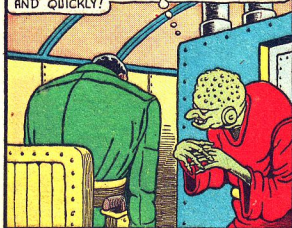
NOW STAND WHERE YOU ARE—AND DO NOT MOVE!

AH! THE GREAT SPACEHAWK IS PARALYZED UNDER MY POWERFUL HYPNOTIC SPELL! BUT I DARE NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES! I SHALL PIERCE HIS BRAIN WITH THE MEMORY-KILLER RAY! THEN I CAN HANDLE HIM AS I WOULD A CHILD—EVEN FROM A GREAT DISTANCE!

THE MACHINE BEGINS TO WHINE, AND A GLOWING BEAM STABS FORTH TO ENVELOP SPACEHAWK'S HEAD....



SUCCESS! WITH ALL MEMORY OF HIS PAST WIPE OUT, I SHALL BE ABLE TO USE SPACEHAWK TO CONQUER THE EARTH. BUT FIRST I MUST GET THE OJAH TERRITORY—AND QUICKLY!



HABA RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM DROON....

QUEEN HABA, I GAVE SPACEHAWK AN EXCUSE TO RETURN TO NEPTUNE BY CALLING ON HIM FOR CERTAIN ASTRONOMICAL ADVICE. HE HAS ARRIVED, BUT UNFORTUNATELY HE WAS INJURED IN LANDING! I SUGGEST THAT YOU COME HERE AT ONCE!

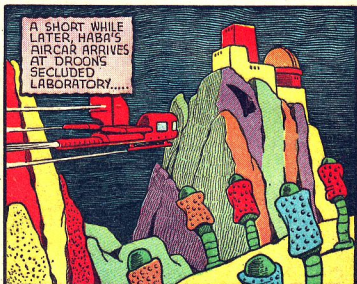
I SHALL BE THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY TO ME! YOU WILL HAVE A VISITOR SOON. YOU MUST TELL HER ALL THAT I COMMAND YOU TO TELL HER!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, HABA'S AIRCAR ARRIVES AT DROON'S SECLUDED LABORATORY....



HOW IS HE? MAY I SEE HIM?

THIS WAY, YOUR HIGHNESS! HIS INJURY IS NOT AS SERIOUS AS I THOUGHT AT FIRST! A TANK OF COMPRESSED AIR EXPLODED AS HE STEPPED INTO THE SHIP'S AIRLOCK CHAMBER. HE HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES, BUT THE CONCUSSION SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT HIS MIND CLOUDED!

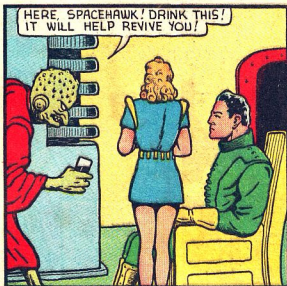
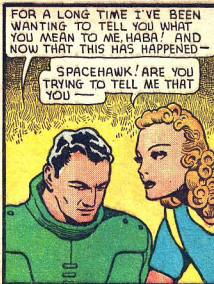
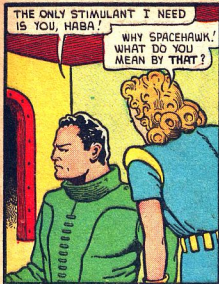


QUEEN HABA! IS IT REALLY YOU?

YES, SPACEHAWK! I'VE COME TO SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU!

PARDON ME. I MUST GO AND PREPARE A STIMULANT FOR HIM!





FOOL! YOUR HYPNOTISM AND YOUR MEMORY-KILLER RAY HAVEN'T HAD THE SLIGHTEST EFFECT ON MY MIND! I'VE BEEN PLAYING ALONG TO DISCOVER YOUR GAME! NOW THAT YOUR MIND IS FULL OF FEAR, I CAN READ IN IT WHY YOU WANT THE OJAH VALLEY! YOU'VE FOUND THAT IT CONTAINS RICH MINERAL DEPOSITS! YOU INTEND TO USE THEM IN YOUR PLAN TO CONQUER THE EARTH NOW THAT THEY ARE EMBROILED IN A WAR AND ARE AT YOUR

AS I LIVE TO MERCY. BUT AS LONG AS I DEFEND THE GREAT NATION OF AMERICA, NO ONE IS GOING TO DO THAT!



YOU MISERABLE CHEAT! YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN A DUNGEON!



PERHAPS THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR PLANS! UP WITH YOUR HANDS — BOTH OF YOU!



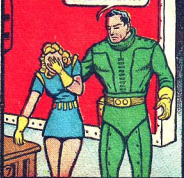
I HATE TO STRIKE AN OLD WEASEL LIKE YOU, BUT IT'S NECESSARY!



SPACEHAWK MOVES SO SWIFTLY THAT DROON HAS NO TIME TO ACT....

OH, SPACEHAWK! I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR THIS!

THERE'S NOTHING TO FORGIVE, HABA! I'M GLAD OF THE CHANCE TO UNCOVER DROON'S TREACHERY!



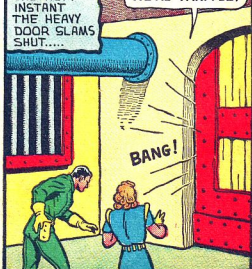
THEY'LL REGRET THIS! IN ANOTHER MINUTE THEY'LL BE MY PRISONERS!



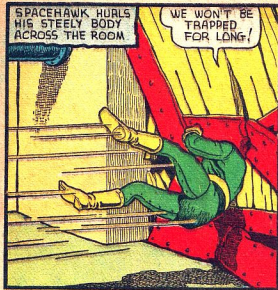
DROON STEALTHILY CRAWLS TOWARD A HIDDEN SWITCH IN THE NEXT ROOM...

THE NEXT INSTANT THE HEAVY DOOR SLAMS SHUT....

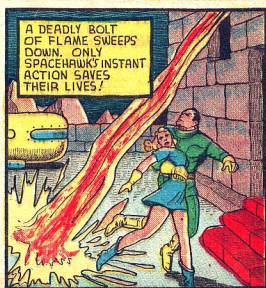
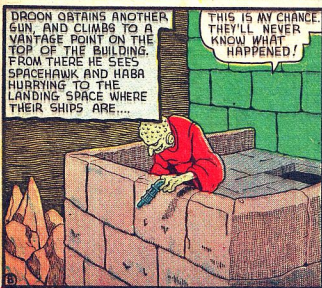
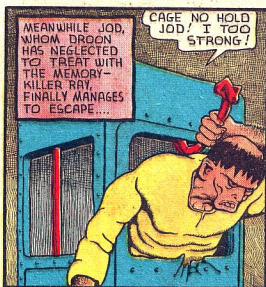
WE'RE TRAPPED!



BANG!



WE WON'T BE TRAPPED FOR LONG!



HE THINKS HE'S FAST
ENOUGH TO DODGE IT, EH?
THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!



AS DROON AIMS AGAIN,
A GAUNT HAND
SEIZES HIS ARM.....



YOU — JOD! HOW DID YOU
GET LOOSE? GO AWAY
FROM ME!



THIS TIME I NO
LOOK INTO YOUR
EYES! I KILL YOU
FIRST!

DON'T! DON'T!
GET BACK
FROM THE
EDGE, YOU
IMBECILE!

HOW YOU LIKE TO FLY
THRU AIR — HUH?

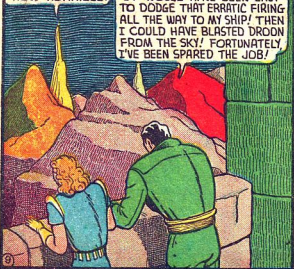


AS DROON STAGGERS
BACK, HE CLUTCHES
JOD, AND BOTH MEN
PLUNGE TO THE JAGGED
ROCKS. HUNDREDS OF
FEET BELOW.....



HOW HORRIBLE!

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASY
TO DODGE THAT ERRATIC FIRING
ALL THE WAY TO MY SHIP! THEN
I COULD HAVE BLASTED DROON
FROM THE SKY! FORTUNATELY,
I'VE BEEN SPARED THE JOB!



I MUST GO NOW, HABA.
UNCLE SAM NEEDS ME—MORE
THAN YOU. BUT I'LL COME
BACK TO SEE YOU SOON!

OH, SPACEHAWK! IT'S
WONDERFUL TO HEAR
YOU SAY THAT!
GOODBYE — AND THANK YOU!



A NEW
MENACE
TO THE
PEACE AND
SECURITY
OF AMERICA
IS EXPOSED
BY
SPACEHAWK
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
**TARGET
COMICS**

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CALLING 2 R

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UNCLE SAM

Bull's Eye Bill

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THE CHAMELEON

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